

No. 64.

Price One Penny.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

EVERY WEDNESDAY.

STANFIELD HALL.

By J. F. SMITH,

Author of "Minnigrey," "Woman and Her Master," &c.



Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.
AND OTHER EMINENT ARTISTS.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AT THE "LONDON JOURNAL" OFFICE,
12 and 13, FETTER LANE.

All Back Numbers still on Sale.

DECLARATION

...

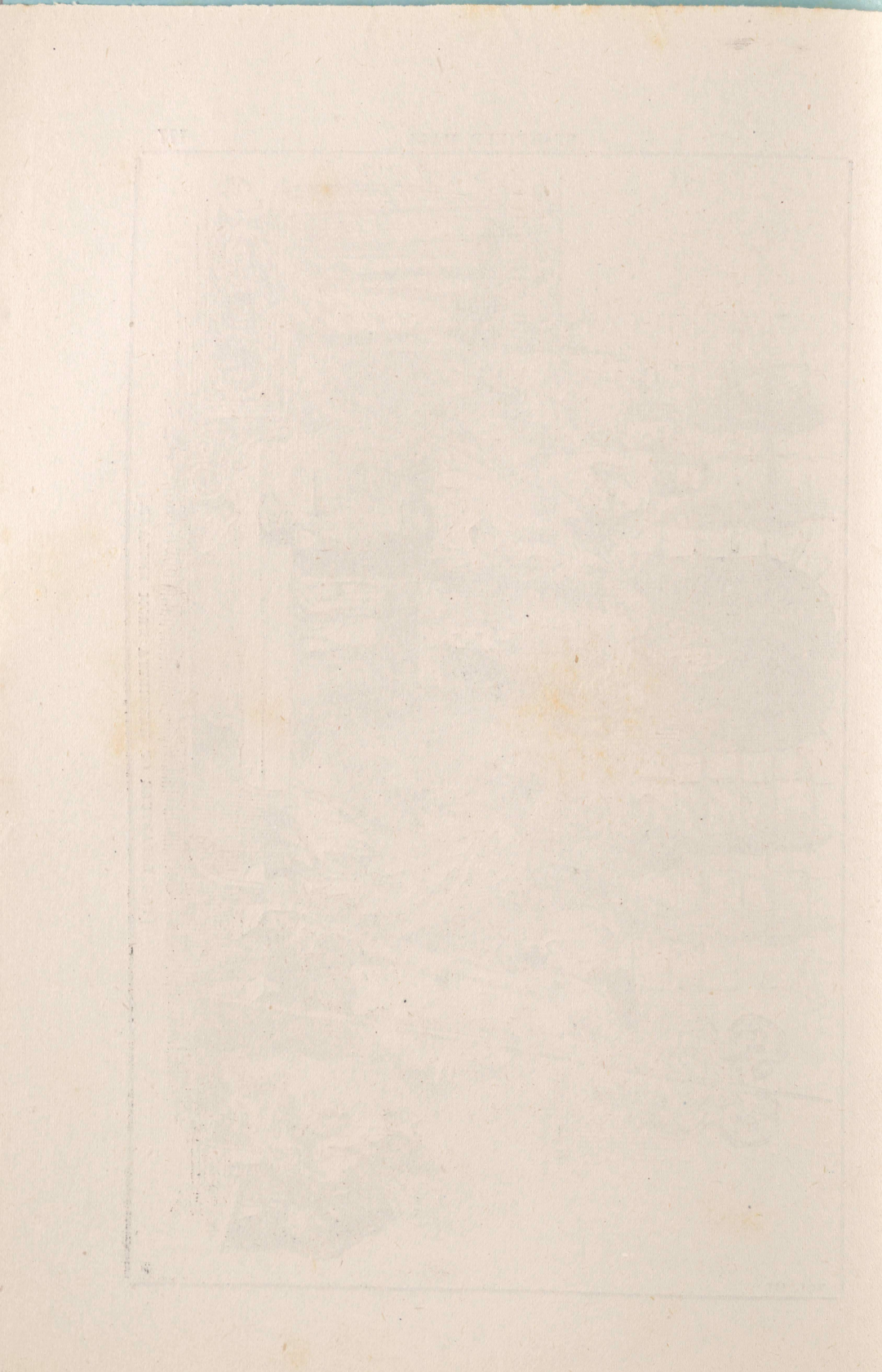
VOL. VII.



[THE DEPARTURE OF HENRIETTA FROM ENGLAND.]

STANFIELD HALL.

177



"Rip open the mattress of the bed. You will find concealed in it the uniform of one of Cromwell's Ironsides. To-morrow night, as soon as you hear the sentinel beneath your window change—array yourself in it, and at the third tap upon the casement open it boldly, and step forth; there will be none but friends to meet you."

"Friends!" repeated the king, mournfully; "alas! I have long ceased to count upon them. They are like shadows—seen but in sunshine."

"Despair not, sir," continued his nephew. "A bark is ready—all is prepared. In two days you shall reach the hospitable shores of France. Say that you accept the offer."

"I do," said the king, in a firm tone; for late events had convinced him that the Independents aimed at nothing less than his life. "Hush! silence! I hear a hand upon the door!"

The king threw himself into an easy-chair. The next moment the door of the chamber was pushed open, and Cromwell and Ireton entered. The captive's heart sank as he beheld them.

CHAPTER XII.

CHARLES received his visitors with that cold pride which, with him, was more characteristic of anger than the ebullition of passion. Invective he never descended to, and reproaches but seldom. The peculiar school of politics in which he had been trained by the royal pedant his father, who thought that kingcraft consisted in deceit, at least possessed one advantage: it left him in the most trying circumstances master of himself. For a few moments the men whose destinies brought them thus in juxtaposition eyed each other in silence. The king was the first to speak.

"It is not thus," he exclaimed, "after our interview by the Maiden's Oak, that I expected we should meet. Is this the faith of the soldier's plighted word?—this the service which was to have healed the bleeding wounds of a distracted country and given a nation peace?"

Ireton opened his eyes in mute astonishment. Till the present moment he never dreamt that Charles and his general had met. Cromwell cared little for the opinion he might form: he knew that he was bound to his fortunes by stronger ties than love—interest and ambition. His success was the ladder by which alone the rough soldier could hope to mount to greatness. Still he did not wish that his companion should be present at the interview. Suddenly changing, therefore, his intention, he motioned him from the room with a wave of his hand, which was silently obeyed. The future Protector already aped his coming royalty. Charles smiled sarcastically as Ireton departed.

"You wish no witness of our interview," he said; "conscience will whisper why."

"I will tell you why," replied the iron soldier: "I would that others should not witness the degradation of a man who has swayed the sceptre of a mighty people—of one who has been king."

"Has been king!" repeated the captive, a slight flush suffusing his pale cheek; "who is!"

"Well," resumed his visitor with a cold smile, "who is—at least for a little longer."

"Traitor!"

"Thou shalt thyself decide between us which is the traitor—the man who in simple confidence asked nothing for himself, but all for his country; or the prince who, with the promise fresh upon his lips, could write this letter, in which the hangman was to be made the instrument of his word."

As he spoke he threw upon the table the fatal letter written by the king the very evening after their interview, and which our readers may remember Ireton had obtained at the price of the life of the unlucky messenger. Charles took up the paper, and read it without change of countenance.

"Thou art silent, prince," said Cromwell.

"And is this," said the monarch, after a pause, "the justification of thy treachery?—a letter written to calm the pride of a passionate woman, who felt her husband's humiliation, and, in the royalty of her nature, resented it—this to break a compact between men who were pledged to work out the salvation of their country? Ask thy heart," he added, "whether it sought not the excuse more eagerly than the fulfilment of thy pledge. Ambition is ingenious in its justification."

"More so than tyranny?" demanded the Puritan, sarcastically.

"Traitor!" exclaimed Charles, stung from his usual self-possession. "Thinkest thou thy feigned humility and moderation have deceived me? I read thy purpose as plainly as if thy tongue had uttered it—the secret aspirations of thy heart—thy dreams of rule and sovereignty."

"Sovereignty!" repeated Cromwell, starting; for the accusation was unexpected, and conscience whispered it was true.

"Ay, sovereignty!" repeated the king, bitterly; "a pageant sceptre and a tottering throne. What can ambition offer thee but the mockery of royalty? The crown would scar thy brow, the mighty shades of England's hundred kings scoff at thy mimic State. Born a subject, thou canst have no subjects. The meanest artisan would feel himself thy equal, the noble thy superior. Care would haunt thy pillow, despair and terror corrode thy heart. Remember his fate who laid an unsanctified hand upon the altar!"

"Misfortune hath distraught thy judgment, prince," replied the soldier. "I have not fought against tyranny to become myself a

tyrant. The designs you impute to me exist but in that suspicion of the integrity of others which through life has been your bane. It is the curse of kings," he added, "never to know their friends, and to misjudge their enemies."

"Thou darest avow that thou art mine?"

"My actions, sir, proclaim me what I am. We are both the creatures of destiny, which, struggle as we may, we cannot overrule, but docile-like must follow. It may lead you once more to a crown—to that power which is so dear to every kingly heart—me to a scaffold, exile, or a prison, but never to dishonour; that is the only point at which man may bid defiance to Fate, whose iron hand may crush, but, without his own consent, never degrade him."

"It may lead thee to power also," said Charles, significantly.

"And if it does," replied Cromwell, proudly, "I'll wield it as I won it—in battling for my country's rights. I will do more for England than her hundred kings. Her laws shall be respected; her flag float in queen-like pride over every sea; her name the watchword and beacon of the world in its dark night of slavery. Farewell, king! I came to justify my broken pledge. I have done so," he added, pointing to the letter which Charles still retained in his hand, "not to mock thy fallen greatness, or insult a captive. Parliament once more perchance will treat with thee. Take the advice of him thou deemest thy foe. Act for once with sincerity; 'tis the last chance for thee and thy doomed race."

The speaker, without waiting a reply, slightly raised his hat (for he had been covered during the interview), and inclining as if born equal, stalked out of the room. The rattling of his heavy sword and spurs fell heavily on the ears of the captive monarch as Cromwell descended the stairs.

"Oh! but for one of the occasions I have thrown aside, as children do an ill-used toy! but for one hour of my former power, to make the plebeian feel how fearful is the wrath of kings, how terrible their judgment! Poor Henrietta," he added, gazing on the letter, "little dost thou deem how fatal thy influence and prejudice have been to thy unhappy husband's fortune! I must yield all things now. It is no longer a crown, but the game of life I am to play for, with fearful adversaries, who hold the balance in their hands. Would I were in France!" he added; "there I might urge a league of kings—for 'tis not the life of Charles alone is threatened, but the monarchy of Europe in his person. Life!" he repeated; "no! no! I alarm myself without a cause, and start at shadows. Fallen as England is from its ancient loyalty, many a bloody battle must be fought ere these traitors would be permitted to lay a sacrilegious hand upon a head which God hath anointed to rule over them. I wrong the chivalry of England."

The deluded monarch little thought that in a few short months the nobility and gentry of the kingdom he had so long ruled over

would see him led like a criminal to the scaffold, without one appeal to arms to save him, or that the only voice raised against the judgment would be a woman's.

The next day Sir Nicholas Moore, Colonel Mowden, and three members of the Commons, waited upon the captive prince with overtures of treaty from the Parliament; the Presbyterian party in the House still wishing to make conditions with him. They were favourably received; Charles promised to name commissioners to confer with them in the course of three days.

Notwithstanding the authority with which they were invested, they were coldly received by the victorious army, which was officered chiefly by Independents, men whose fanaticism was a fearful engine in the hands of their general, whose master-mind knew how to turn it to his purpose.

"And now, sire, that the preliminaries for a happy arrangement are adjusted, the Parliament have two requests to make."

"But two?" replied the king, smiling bitterly, for he felt that in his position their requests were tantamount to a command; "they are too moderate; pray name them."

"The first," said Sir Nicholas, "is, that your majesty would graciously be pleased to advance nearer to London, in order to facilitate the happy consummation which the Commons are anxious to bring about."

"Accorded cheerfully. I cannot be too near such faithful subjects," replied Charles.

"The next," resumed the commissioner, "is that you pledge your royal word not to change your residence without giving notice three days beforehand to the House."

This last article, which it was perfectly in the power of those who asked it to enforce, was a bitter humiliation to the haughty spirit of the king, who felt himself, however, compelled to grant it also, for he was virtually a captive in their hands.

"The request is a strange one," he observed, "from a people to their king."

"The times and circumstances are equally strange, sire," replied Colonel Mowden, who secretly inclined to the Independents. "The royal faith has been so frequently violated by those who have pledged it in your name, that the Commons feel justified in the demand of a promise from your own lips."

"I am to remain a prisoner, then?"

"A king can never be a prisoner, sire, surrounded by his subjects."

"Say rather his masters!" exclaimed the king, impatiently—for he felt the chain—"since they impose conditions. But be it as you will. Had I a gallant army at my back—nay, but one troop of horse—I would as soon pledge my word to the resignation of my crown or the condemnation of my soul; but in the hope that Parlia-

ment will see in this unusual condescension to their wishes a sincere desire to terminate the differences which distract both crown and people, I do what no English monarch before me ever did—I pledge my royal word and faith not to change my residence without giving three days' notice of my intention."

"Keep them, O king," whispered Sir Nicholas, as he bowed profoundly before the captive, "and all may yet be well; but your enemies are powerful in high places; they taunt your friends in the Commons with broken faith and treaty—say no reliance can be placed upon a pledge so often violated."

"The traitors!" murmured the king.

"Forget not," added the commissioner, as he withdrew, "that they are triumphant ones. Farewell."

Making each a low obeisance, the rest of the party quitted the chamber where Charles had given them audience, and descended to the saloon below, in which Cromwell, Ireton, and the principal officers of the army were waiting to receive them.

"So," said Ireton, "the babblers at Westminster have decided on treating once more with this king, whose perjuries are as numerous as the hairs in his beard. Will they never learn wisdom from the past? But the lessons of experience are thrown away on some spirits, which seem born only to be deceived."

"What Parliament in its wisdom hath decided," said Sir Nicholas, firmly, "it is not for its servants to gainsay. I have yet to learn by what authority those who are in arms under its commission question its decisions. Does Colonel Ireton make this observation in his own name, or is he the organ of the disaffection of those around him?"

Several of the officers were about to speak. From their stern visages and flashing eyes, their leader guessed that the reply would be nothing less than an open defiance both to the commissioners and those who sent them, and cause a breach anything but favourable to his purpose; for the authority of Parliament was still paramount, not only in London, but with the army of Fairfax, whose wavering character and jealousy he feared.

"Ireton!" he exclaimed, "what means this unseemly questioning of the will of the faithful Commons of England? Have not we drawn the sword to maintain their just authority? and shall we permit one who holds their commission to dispute it? Retire to your quarters, colonel, under arrest for four-and-twenty hours."

"Arrest!" repeated the astonished man; "why you yourself just now said that——"

"Your sword," said Cromwell, sternly advancing towards him, and fixing his eyes with an expression so fierce upon him that Ireton started. "Fool!" he added, in an undertone, "would you brave the lion before the snare is spread? Have sense and prudence quite deserted that dogged head of thine?"

Ireton in an instant comprehended the imprudence of which he had been guilty, and resigned his sword with the air of a chidden bully, so much did he stand in awe of his leader.

"I meant no wrong, general, to the Parliament. I have fought in its quarrel, bled in it, and, if necessary, am prepared to die in its service. Mine is a soldier's tongue, and not a statesman's. It makes me mad to see the good cause betrayed by a blind confidence in the faith of a prince who never yet kept word with friend or enemy; by turns he hath betrayed them both."

The commissioners, satisfied with the reproof and the general's zeal in maintaining the respect due to them as the commissioners of the Commons, earnestly besought him to look over the offence, as they did.

"It may not be," replied Cromwell, with an affectation of modesty which his officers saw through; "I am the servant of the Parliament, the creature of its breath in trust for it. Woe to me if I do the work appointed negligently! woe to me if I suffer its will to be disputed by those who bear arms by its authority. The unjust servant is a greater abomination in the sight of the Lord than the unwise master. Therefore for three days the arrest continues; and if I punish not his foolishness further, it is at your intercession, who represent those whom I am most bound in all things to obey."

There was a profound hypocrisy, mingled with prudence, in this affectation of humility; for the speaker well knew that if he had ordered his soldiers to tie the commissioners neck and heels and cast them into the Tyne, not a single voice would dispute his command, or an arm be raised against it; but his policy, in pursuit of greatness, was like that of Fabius, to be won by delay. On the battle plain he had all the quick perception, decision, and fiery instinct of the soldier who had risen from comparative obscurity to command. In the first he followed the cold calculations of reason, in the latter the impulse of his genius. It was the same spirit of caution which induced him, in after life, to reject the crown he had dreamt of and longed for—to turn from the path which he had washed with blood, yet feared to tread.

No sooner were the commissioners started for York, than the general sought the quarters of Ireton, where he was still under arrest. He had employment for him, and well knew that his bull-headed, dogged nature would stick at no deed to advance either his interest or hate."

"Friends!" muttered the prisoner, "friends! I wonder what use the word has, unless in the vocabulary of fools. A man may risk life and limb to pleasure them, shed his blood as freely as the juice of the grape, win reward, honour, gold, thanks, or empty praise, but never find a friend."

"What now?" said Cromwell, smiling, for he knew the humour

of the speaker ; "hast no more patience than a moping girl pining her lover's absence ? In the game of life men only should take an active part."

"I am tired of the part I have taken, since it has led to this disgrace."

"There has been no disgrace at all. Tut, man ! there is not a dullard on the earth but feels that Ireton, in his blunt soldier honesty, spoke the sense of all."

"Why was I punished, then ?"

"Thought and speech are distinct," replied the general. "The first hurts not, while, like a sword, it rests in the scabbard of silence ; uttered, it is the weapon drawn. Wouldst have had me send these buzzards back to Westminster to tell the Parliament how dutifully its orders are scanned and obeyed by Cromwell and his officers ?"

"No."

"Or with an open defiance of its authority ?"

"That were worse, since Fairfax and his army lie between us and the capital, and the Presbyterians muster strong in the high place. I see my folly, and that you have acted wisely. How long must this arrest continue ?"

"It is ended. This is not the time, when the good cause hath need of every arm, to keep one of its champions idle. Pick out a dozen of the men on whom you can best rely, and follow these commissioners to York."

"What to do ? Cut their throats ?" demanded Ireton.

"Heaven forbid ! at least without necessity—such as the salvation of the cause or the right of self-defence ; in which case, act as thine instinct, tempered by prudence, prompts."

Ireton nodded, and buckled the heavy sabre, which was lying upon the table, on his thigh. His instructions were like a roving commission—they authorised everything—and he knew how to use it ; still he could not understand for what particular purpose he was to take this journey to York, and waited for further orders.

"Watch the house," said Cromwell, "where these buzzards roost ; surround it by night and day ; spare not for gold—I will provide thee ; it is one of the many keys of the human heart : try it upon their servants. Watch if Fairfax has a meeting with them."

"Fairfax !" repeated the soldier ; "can you suspect ?"

"Everything," resumed the general. "Parliament is resolved, if possible, to take Charles out of the hands of his captors. Like the Israelites of old, when rescued from Egyptian bondage, it sighs after the flesh-pots, and seeks it once more to set its idol in its place that it may worship it. This the Presbyterians, from jealousy of the Independents, weakly lean to. If Fairfax and the commissioners meet, we have nothing left but to sell our lands, and start to seek a new home in the New World."

"Not yet," said Ireton, touching his sword significantly. "Charles, at least, is in our hands."

"And were he dead," demanded his companion, coldly, "would it better our position? Has he not a son? Men are mortal, but principles never die. It would rather change our situation for the worse; for with the father's life would perish the memory of the father's crimes, all parties would rally round his son, and monarchy once more rear its head. No, Ireton," he added, calmly; "the head of Charles Stuart must be sacred, unless it falls by a sentence of the people. Now, then, away!" he added, fearing he had spoken too much; for he was not a man who frequently suffered his secret purpose to peep through his words. "Watch the house as a jealous lover would watch his mistress's bower, or a miser the casket which contains the hoarded treasure of his life. If Fairfax and the commissioners meet, the cause for which we strive is lost."

"They shall not meet, if human courage can prevent it," replied Ireton. "I may not have a head to deal with them, but I've an arm which fears nor man nor devil. I am to use any means?" he added, at the same time fixing his eyes with a peculiar expression upon Cromwell.

"*Any means*," repeated his leader, firmly.

"Enough, general; we understand each other."

"Perfectly. Adieu!"

The speakers separated: the master-mind to mingle with his officers and temper their spirits by contact with his own; Ireton to select his men and start upon his errand.

Scarcely had the bugle sounded to horse in Ireton's regiment, and the men drawn up upon the ground fronting the castle-yard, than their colonel appeared, and was received with a hearty cheer by his men, to whom his blunt manner and soldier-like bearing had endeared him, as well as the indulgence he invariably showed to their habits of plunder and other petty delinquencies; indeed, it was a saying in the army that any of his men might do as they liked, provided they fought like devils and never missed drill, where their commander was a martinet.

"Something in the wind," observed an old sergeant, as Ireton galloped down the line.

"It is a prayer meeting, then," whispered another.

"Where is Styleman?" demanded the colonel.

"Here."

A thin, Puritanical-looking fellow stepped from the ranks and saluted.

"Pick out three of the best shots in the regiment—fellows who could strike a stag in the eye at full speed, nor ever miss their mark."

The selection was soon made, and nine men, who were equally noted either for strength, courage, or devotion, added to their

number. After seeing that their arms were in order, Ireton ordered them to mount, and, placing himself at their head, galloped down the High Street of Newcastle, leaving the command of his regiment to one of his officers, who understood both his humour, discipline, and tactics.

Immediately after the interview with the commissioners, Charles retired to his chamber to reflect on his position and the promise he had given, which, despite the danger that surrounded him, he determined to keep; for he began to feel men's confidence in his faith was shaken, and that his name was become a by-word with his enemies. Sad thoughts of the future, and vain regrets for the past, were mingled in his reveries. During her stay at Exeter his unhappy queen had given birth to a daughter, whom his heart yearned to bless, his eyes longed to see, but in vain; the happiness within the reach of the poorest peasant was denied to him.

"Why was I born a king?" he murmured—"born to inherit the sleepless cares, pains, and deep-rooted thorns which gall the wearer of a crown? I am heart-sick. Hope, the wretch's last consolation, flies from me. I am as a man who has lived in a world of shadows. Nothing is real but bitterness and mockery, treachery and disappointment."

That same evening, just as the unhappy speaker was about to retire to rest, a slight tapping at the wainscot attracted his attention. Turning his eyes to the portrait, he saw that his nephew Rupert was at his hiding-place.

"Hist! hist! sire—are you alone?" demanded the faithful cavalier.

"Alone with solitude and misery," answered the captive, mournfully.

"Now, then, is the moment. Rip open the mattress of the bed, and you will find the disguise within. A faithful friend is on guard beneath your window; horses are ready on the other side of the Tyne, and tried hearts waiting with impatience to receive you. Once free, and you are again a king."

"Impossible," said Charles. "I have received a message from the Parliament, whose commissioners this very morning left me. I have pledged my royal word not to change my residence without giving three days' notice of my intention. This time, at whatever peril, my faith must be kept."

"Faith!" repeated the prince, scornfully; "with whom? Perjured traitors—subjects who have broken their allegiance, and taken up arms against your sacred person—perjured knaves, who seek to lull you to your ruin. Listen to the advice of your true friends—of those who love you—who would die for you. In an hour the guard will be changed, and this occasion—bought with such cost, and yet greater peril—past, never to return. Think, sire,—liberty and your wife and children wait you."

"You mistake, Rupert. Henrietta has by this returned to France."

"I tell you, sire, she is still in England. Think you a devoted love like hers could seek ignoble safety whilst danger threatened your royal life?"

"Life!" repeated the king, with an involuntary start; "no, Rupert; these rebels may uncrown me—place my son upon my outraged throne—but never lay a hand upon the life which God hath anointed by His ministers. Whate'er the dangers which threaten, I have no fear for the safety of my person. Hypocrites as they are, they would pause at such a sacrilege."

"To make the blow more sure, I tell you, uncle, father, friend, that you are betrayed by the too-great confidence of your own generous nature. Remember your royal grandmother, and be warned! She too trusted her life to England's hospitality and honour: Fotheringhay and the headsman's ruffian strength best answer how that trust was kept. The English are loyal only while they feel the collar on their necks, and the chain which binds them held by a firm hand. Once loosen it, and they run riot in the madness of their fury and thirst for blood. It is their nature to be cruel."

Charles, though deeply moved by the allusion to the fate of his unhappy grandmother, the beautiful but unfortunate Mary Stuart, remained firm in his resolution. He remembered what the sacrifice of his word had already caused him—the death of his friend Strafford, whom he had weakly sacrificed, the loyalty of his native subjects, the Scotch, whom he had deceived. It had also twice caused to be broken off negotiations with the Parliament, which promised much better conditions than he could now hope to obtain.

"It is useless, Rupert," he said with a sigh, "to urge me further. Whate'er the hazard, I am determined to abide by the word I have given—the faith I have pledged."

At this moment a slight noise, like the pecking of a bird against the casement, drew him to the window. It was the disguised sentinel beneath, whose impatience at the delay amounted to agony, not from apprehension of any personal danger, but anxiety lest the precious moments should escape before the safety of the monarch, for whom he risked so much, had been assured.

"Lose not a moment, sire," he whispered imploringly; "in another half-hour the guard will be changed, and the occasion lost; the patrol have just gone their last round."

"Who art thou?" demanded the king kindly; for the night was so dark he could not see the speaker's features, which the heavy broad-brimmed hat aided to obscure.

"Your majesty's unworthy servant, Herbert of Stanfield," was the reply.

"Had I but an army composed of such devoted hearts," said the monarch, "I would rule England as my ancestors have ruled it. But that hope is past; we must temporise now;—I cannot fly."

"A prisoner!"

"Doubly so; bound by honour and good faith. If the Parliament is sincere in its offers, I may yet reward thee; if not, take this poor token of thy sovereign's gratitude. Alas! it is not with so poor a bauble I would have repaid thy loyalty and service."

The speaker drew from his finger a ring containing his portrait cut on a ballas ruby, and set with brilliants; the token was enamelled in the gold work, and bore his cipher on the back. The ancient family of the Lumleys of Suffolk, who inherited it from their ancestor, still retain the gem, which they prize, as a relic of the unhappy donor, a thousand times beyond its value, which, independent of its historical associations, is considerable. The writer of these chronicles has many times worn it on his hand.

"Let me entreat you, sire," exclaimed the young man, after kissing the hand extended to him, "to let no vain scruple prevent your present safety. The moment is most favourable; once lost, fortune may not present it to your choice again."

"No."

"For the sake of her you love—the child whose innocent cries seem to demand a father's blessing!" urged Rupert, who, from his position, could both see and hear what passed; "delay not another minute; with my sword I will justify your breach of faith with these worthless traitors."

"No," replied Charles, with yet firmer resolution than before; "I thank you for your loyalty and love, but my resolution is unalterable: whatever be the result, I shall abide by the faith I have given."

With these words he closed the window, and to prevent further importunity from the young knight, let fall the heavy drapery, which effectually prevented all further attempts on his part, either to attract his attention or speak with him. Still Herbert did not abandon the post of danger he had chosen till the last moment. It was not till he heard the tread of the patrol upon the terrace that he threw down his musket and fled. Perhaps the love of life was warm at his young heart when he remembered that there still existed in the world for him a being whose existence was so closely knit with his that the same blow which severed the thread of his existence ended hers.

"Rupert," said the king, approaching the portrait, "can you not descend? Our conversation may be overheard by the knaves in the ante-chamber, who are little better than gaolers and spies on their unhappy prince."

"Impossible, sire," replied the young man; "the aperture is only

large enough to admit my head. Have you never heard the mystery of this house?"

"Never."

"There is a fearful legend connected with it. Its former owner contrived this recess, which is cut in the stonework of the wall, in order to watch his innocent and beautiful wife, of whom he was furiously jealous. His suspicions and cruelty had driven from her kindred, parents, and friends. It was in the time of the civil wars between the rival roses of York and Lancaster. Unhappily, the family had taken different sides; and a young brother, pressed by his enemies, fled to his sister's arms for safety. The poor boy found a grave."

"A grave!"

"Her husband, from his place of concealment, witnessed their interview. It was at the twilight hour, and took place in this very chamber. Maddened by the very sight of their embraces, he fired; and the brother died in his guiltless sister's arms. What followed was never distinctly known; but for many years there was a maniac woman and a joyless man. Could these walls speak, there is not a stone but hath a tale of misery. The steward of the mansion, a thing of dross and earth who would sell his soul for gain, bribed by my gold, hath imparted the secret to me. I thought to use it for your service; but this unhappy resolution——"

"Must not be tampered with," interrupted his uncle, firmly. "Now, then, listen to my last commands."

"Your last commands, sire!"

The deep sigh which followed proved, with all his errors, how deeply the gallant soldier's heart was touched. Born a prince, reared in the camp, a witness from infancy of the misfortunes of his own parents, he felt deeply the sorrows of the prince who had been all but a parent to him.

"Seek the queen; bear my last blessing to her and my children; assure her of my undying love and constancy; tell her her name will be the last my lips will bless—her image fade but with life from my worn heart. And charge her," he added, "as she values her children's safety and her own honour, instantly to depart for France; there she may rest till happier times recall her to a throne."

"And what," said the prince, "would be the throne of the universe without you?"

"Perchance we both may share it. I have strong hopes in the sincerity of the Parliament."

"And I none. Oh, yet reflect."

"My resolution's taken—farewell! Hark!" added the king, as the tramp of heavy feet was heard upon the stairs, "they come—away! Let me not add thy death to the list of my misfortunes."

With a groan of agony which echoed through the chamber, Rupert tore himself away. His forebodings were but too true—he and his royal uncle never met again.

Charles had scarcely time to resume his seat, and occupy himself with a book, when the door of the chamber was rudely opened, and Hamilton, with a party of officers, entered the chamber. They started at the sight of the king, whom it was evident they had not expected to find.

“What means this intrusion?” demanded his majesty, calmly.

“Humph!” said Hamilton, suspiciously, “the sentinel beneath your window has disappeared. I thought——”

“That the king had broken his word,” added the captive. “Know him better.”

“It would not have been the first time.”

“Insolent!”

The rude Republican was about to make an angry reply, when his companions, several of whom were touched by the calm majesty of the captive, drew him from the chamber; a fresh guard was set, and the already dethroned monarch left to his own thoughts and solitude again.

A week afterwards a small bark was lying at anchor off the roads at Falmouth; it bore French colours, and seemed to belong to the numerous fishing or smuggling vessels at that period so numerous on the coast. Five persons were standing on the beach, close to which a boat, filled with men well armed, was rocking on the crisp billows breaking on the shore.

“’Tis past the hour,” observed a lady, who was enveloped in a dark mantle, which could not entirely conceal the majesty of her person. “God! this suspense is fearful. Should Rupert fail, or Charles weakly hesitate, my last hope will be broken.”

The speaker was no other than the unhappy queen, who had delayed her flight to the last moment, in the vain hope that her husband would be induced to share it. Mary, who had been, during her confinement in Exeter, her nurse and unwearied attendant, held the royal infant closely nestled at her breast, in order to protect it from the night winds, which chilled its delicate frame, and caused it to utter from time to time a feeble moan. Deeply as she felt her own sorrows—for she knew the peril of the undertaking in which Herbert was engaged—she had still in the energy and hopefulness of her nature sufficient courage to sustain the sinking spirits of her unhappy mistress. The rest of the party were Lord Neville, Sir Malcolm Keinton, and young Vavasour.

“Hark!” exclaimed Mary, her heart beating with hope and terror; “I hear the tramp of horses. They have succeeded! Courage, royal mistress, courage! A few hours, and you tread once more the sunny soil of France, free, with the husband of your heart and his devoted friends.”

Henrietta, scarcely able to speak, from the intense agony of her emotion, held her hand upon her breast, as if to still the violent throbbings of her heart. Her features were convulsed with expectation.

"I see them. Now they are upon the brow of yonder hill. Three horsemen—only three. The first is Rupert; I know his gallant steed—it was my gift; the second—no, no; he bears too slight a form; and the third—God!" she added, "all is past—it is not my husband! Lost! lost! My last hope gone!"

The speaker, exhausted with her feelings, sank fainting in the arms of her weeping attendants. When consciousness once more returned, her nephew was at her feet, bathing her hands with tears.

"Charles! Charles!" she sobbed.

"Is in treaty with the Parliament. He has given his word not to quit his present abode in Newcastle without informing them. Prayers, remonstrances—all have been tried in vain. For once he was immovable."

"They will murder him!" frantically shrieked the queen.

"I am the bearer of his last commands. He entreats your majesty will no longer delay to seek an asylum with your brother in France."

"I will not go!" said Henrietta, firmly. "I shared his throne; if it must be, I will partake his prison. Procure me horses—instantly, aye, instantly;" she added, "we start this instant."

"Where to?" respectfully demanded Lord Neville.

"To Newcastle—London—to my husband; my place is by his side."

"Your place," whispered Mary, placing the infant to her lips, "is with your children, royal lady. Be firm. England will never permit violence to the monarch it has sworn to honour. Its faith—"

"Curse its faith!—it is hollow as the hopes with which it welcomed me—false as the treachery which broke them. Oh! could I breathe a malediction on its sons, like a flame of fire it should consume them. Husband—crown—are lost; my heart is broken."

"Queen," said Rupert, hoping by that word to recall her to herself.

"Ay, queen of a broken sceptre and an outraged throne. Let them take all. I scorn them—their homage and lip loyalty. My son may yet avenge me. Horses, horses! I command—implore you," she added, sobbing like a child, for her strength was gone. "My husband! Charles! Charles!"

Once more the speaker fainted, and in this state was borne to the little boat, which quickly rowed towards the ship. As soon as it had received its precious burden, the vessel opened its white sails, and directed its course to France.

When next Henrietta set foot upon the soil of England, she was both the widow and mother of a king.


1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses, which appears to be a directory or a list of contacts. The names are written in a cursive script, and the addresses are listed below them. The list includes names such as "John A. Smith", "John B. Smith", "John C. Smith", "John D. Smith", "John E. Smith", "John F. Smith", "John G. Smith", "John H. Smith", "John I. Smith", "John J. Smith", "John K. Smith", "John L. Smith", "John M. Smith", "John N. Smith", "John O. Smith", "John P. Smith", "John Q. Smith", "John R. Smith", "John S. Smith", "John T. Smith", "John U. Smith", "John V. Smith", "John W. Smith", "John X. Smith", "John Y. Smith", and "John Z. Smith".

TO BE COMPLETED IN SEVEN PARTS.
PART 1. PRICE FOURPENCE.

READY, MARCH 10.

J. F. SMITH'S
WORLD-RENOWNED STORY
MINNIGREY

ILLUSTRATED BY SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

 Part 1 will contain the First Eighty Pages,
Bound in a Coloured Wrapper.

The work contains, as well as a Dramatic Love Story, a Graphic and Accurate Account of the Glorious Victories of the Peninsular War.

SOME OPINIONS OF THE PRESS:

THE GRAPHIC says:—"Some years before the word 'sensation' was used in its modern sense, the late Mr. J. F. Smith wrote several stories of that character for the columns of the LONDON JOURNAL. He managed exactly to hit the taste of the public which he addressed, and if anyone now wishes to know what his taste was like, let him read 'Minnigrey,' one of the most popular of all these serials, which has lately been reprinted in a cheap form. 'Minnigrey' is long; but it is full of 'go' and incident, and is both wholesome and livelier reading than a good deal of the fictional stuff which nowadays gushes from the press."

THE WEEKLY TIMES AND ECHO says:—"Minnigrey' is a cheap and well got-up reprint of the famous story which appeared many years ago in the LONDON JOURNAL, and which its proprietors have republished in that periodical. The story, like all its author wrote, is eminently sensational, but there is nothing in it which the most scrupulous could object to, and the skill with which Mr. Smith laid all current events and characters under contribution for his plot—such, for instance, as the Duke of Wellington's early campaigns in the Peninsular—is very remarkable. All who have read 'Minnigrey' years ago will like to read it again, and those who never met it should not miss the opportunity."

**ALL LOVERS OF GOOD FICTION SHOULD BECOME
SUBSCRIBERS.**

**Give an Order for Part 1 to your Bookseller at
once, or Send Five Penny Stamps to the
Publishers.**

BRADLEY & CO., 1. & 13, FETTER LANE, LONDON, E.C.